

The Evening World

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GAMBLING MONOPOLY.

Dull times have come to Wall Street, and the Stock Exchange is asserting its right to a monopoly of legalized gambling on Manhattan Island.

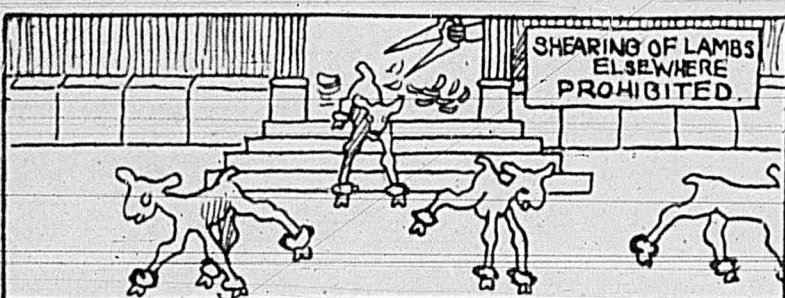
A few months ago there were plenty of lambs loose on Broad street and money was in general circulation. Mr. Ullman, Mr. Blumenthal and several other minor financiers who restrict their gambling to faro boxes and to roulette wheels, and Mr. Comiskey, who speculates on the speed of horses, thought there was a business opening.

Accordingly rooms were hired in several old buildings on Broad street and New streets. Faro, roulette, poker and racing charts were installed. The public were invited to attend and speculate. To add to the attractions free luncheons were served of a better character than the free lunch counters of the nearby saloons.

For awhile everybody prospered. The members of the Stock Exchange saw the value of their gambling privileges increase. The short-card and layout gamblers made money and added free drinks to their free luncheons. To give free drinks or cut rates to customers is forbidden by the Stock Exchange rules, but these did not apply to the other gamblers.

Things were going amicably, and all the gamblers were making money, when Edward H. Harriman sprang his Union Pacific "coup" and took \$20,000,000 from the lambs. Henry H. Rogers cleaned out the players in his copper game. George W. Perkins and the kiddy disposed of the Steel lambs.

These big gamblers took so much money out of the game that there was not enough left to go around. The volume of business on the Stock Exchange decreased. The brokers' commissions fell off. Even with the United States treasury helping out the bank roll by encouraging gold imports and transferring money from the treasury vaults to the stock gamblers' drawers, the lambs had been so thoroughly depleted that there was competition between the Stock Exchange and the faro games and pool-rooms.



This would not do. The Stock Exchange has the legal right to gamble. It has the same right to a monopoly of speculation on Manhattan Island that the race tracks have to a monopoly of horse speculation.

To bet on a horse outside of a race track inclosure is a crime. To bet on a case card across the street from the Stock Exchange is a crime. Such crimes are a legitimate competition with a lawful monopoly.

Therefore the brokers complained to Police Commissioner Bingham. Gen. Bingham was properly horrified at the idea of competitive gambling. He told Inspector Formosa to have it stopped. Inspector Formosa promptly sent around to Mr. Ullman, Mr. Blumenthal and Mr. Comiskey and closed them up.

The law should be obeyed. Gambling is wrong. Except in exchanges and at race tracks it is a crime. No small gambler, whether tin-horn or legitimate, must compete with an institution the market value of whose monopoly is at present over \$90,000,000.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

See World Almanac.

To the Editor of the Evening World:
Where can I find records of professional and amateur athletes, including English records? A. COHEN.

Ident Transit.

To the Editor of the Evening World:

There are a few free suggestions for improvement of Greater New York transit.

Four tunnels (at various points) under East and North River and one to Staten Island. Electric fog machines with twenty-five-mile-an-hour speed. Four bridges over each of the two big rivers, and moving platforms (twelve-mile speed) on each. Six up-town and six down-town subways. Universal five-cent tickets good on any line of any sort to any point in the greater city. Suburban train service doubled in track, trains, speed, etc. double-decked surface cars and a perfect express and local system on subway, "L" and suburban roads. G. N. Y.

Legal Aid Society, No. 239 Broadway.

To the Editor of the Evening World:

Where can a poor man or woman get legal help free of charge? M. P.

Family Discipline.

To the Editor of the Evening World:

A correspondent asks whether corporal punishment has outlived its usefulness as a means of family discipline. I, for one, say "No" from an experience of eighteen years. I have six children, five youngest six and the eldest eighteen, and any of them are liable to moderate chastisement when they deserve it. I will add that I have well-behaved children, and I say it by my method of discipline, necessary at times, but always just. MRS. M. A.

Street Car Reform.

To the Editor of the Evening World:

For several months I have been studying the question of getting off cars without accident, and really think the best way to avert mishaps would be to have the cars run on the left-hand rather than the right-hand track. This is stated from very good cause, as in every instance where I have taken part

in the fact the woman who gets off the car facing forward is left-handed. Every woman who is right-handed naturally grasps the stanchion or handle with the hand most serviceable and steps down the first step with the foot natural to the hand. Were the majority of our women left-handed it would be unnecessary to write this, as they would all naturally step off the transit vehicle looking forward. The transit is the situation, and nearly every woman is right-handed. H. WHELEIGH.

At Any Children's Hospital.

To the Editor of the Evening World:

Where can I apply to have my baby's legs straightened? MRS. KIND.

A Pocket Piece.

To the Editor of the Evening World:

I have a coin which I have carried as a pocket piece for several years. I would like very much to have some coin fanciers tell me what it is. One side is a Washington head surrounded by twelve stars and a date that looks like 1802. The other side has the words "New York" surrounded by a wreath. It is a copper the size of a cent. M. J.

Meaning of "Mardi Gras."

To the Editor of the Evening World:

Kindly translate the words "Mardi Gras." S. P.

"Mardi Gras" is French for "Tuesday." In its original sense it signifies the last day of carnival, preceding Ash Wednesday.

Ashes of the Great.

To the Editor of the Evening World:

I have bones of Zala might be safer where they lie than in the Park, to which, in a renaissance of affection, the novelist's countrymen are about to remove them. Every visitor to the Pantheon ought to know that that little thrill which he experiences when he first stands before the tomb of Voltaire and Rousseau is a quite unnecessary thing, that the bodies of the great dead are not there, that no man can say where they are any more than he can say where the dust of the Conqueror or of the last of our Saxon kings. Splendor of sepulchre is not any guarantee of safe sanctity. Presumably Lincoln's body has been moved six times, that of Columbus has made as many posthumous travels as the discoverer of America made when in the flesh.

The New Emperor William

By J. Campbell Cory



THE MEN IN THE NEWS—Straight Talks to Them—By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

A Plea to the Implacable Father Whose Society Daughter Has Ruffled His Temper by Marrying Against His Wishes.



MY DEAR MR. FRANK WORK: The Alfred Batonyis came back from her honeymoon yesterday. It is said that you have not yet forgiven your daughter, Mrs. Batonyis, for her secret wedding to a former riding master. It is about time you did.

You are a very old man and a very determined man, but no one has ever accused you of not having a sense of humor. Can't you see how absurdly ridiculous it is for you to point because a woman old enough to have a married daughter exercised her absolute right to choose a second husband for herself?

I haven't the least doubt that she has made you very unhappy, but surely your eighty years of life must have taught you to make the best of the inevitable, to smile when frowning will do no good, to relent when unrelenting becomes futile and absurd.

I know of no frame of mind so absolutely unreasoning as that of the parent who attempts to regulate the emotions and conduct of grown-up children. Stop and think a minute. By what right do you attempt it? You sum-

mon us unmasked from the great world of nothingness which we may never regain.

We cannot choose our fathers or mothers, yet you insist on choosing your fathers and mothers we shall be.

Your motives are generally of the best. Your interference in our divorce right of choice is always well meant and very often would work our ultimate salvation if we heeded it. But don't you know you might as well try to put out Vesuvius with a watering pot or stem a hurricane with a mosquito netting as to control the impulses of the heart of youth once it has found itself and its other self?

You, Mr. Work, are particularly illogical.

Your daughter is a woman in middle life. She has chosen a second husband. You may not approve of him—your feelings may not. But she certainly does, and at past forty she is entitled to the deciding vote in the matter.

Age cannot afford to nurse a grievance. It has all it can do fanning the feeble fires of life itself. You are an old man. Forgive your daughter, because it will make her happier, but more particularly because it will add greatly to your own comfort.

You have no right to forgive her, of course. She has done nothing that requires forgiveness. But youth is accustomed to being forgiven whether it has erred or not. And I've no doubt Mrs. Batonyis will be very glad to let you forgive her.

Do it.

Animal Oddities. The Diary of a Bad Boy. By "Pop."



Stop Laughing!

"Mamma, you'll have to take me home right away. I'm sick!"

The lady rose and hurried from the church. Five minutes later she returned.

"Was he sick?" whispered a neighbor.

"Sick?" When I got outside I asked him where he felt sick, and he said he was homesick. Cleveland Leader.

Alfred, who lives down at Alpha, has raised a large "rope" of alfalfa.

"But those who would buy?"

"Find it's no use to try."

To get Alf's alfalfa at Alpha.

—Indianapolis News.

"Pa!" said Johnny, "that poem sister Jane wrote is no good."

"How do you know?" queried father.

"Because," said Johnny, "I tried to feed it to a goat and he wouldn't eat it." Detroit Free Press.

The FIFTY GREATEST EVENTS in HISTORY

By Albert Payson Terhune

No. 34.—CHARLES XII. and the Flood Tide of Sweden's Greatness.

A ROUGH-LOOKING boy of fifteen came to the throne of Sweden in 1697, under the title of Charles XII. and started in at once on a cross between the simple and the strenuous life. He gave no sign that he was going to make a name for himself for he hated the stupid business of state and spent most of his time in hunting and athletics. Nor was there anything very kingly in his looks. His habitual dress was an old blue coat with copper buttons, buffalo skin gloves and huge boots that came above the knees.

In those days of hard drinking and high living his way of life made him a marked man. He drank no wine, ate only coarse bread, and slept on the bare ground covered by a cloak. He seemed to have no thoughts beyond outdoor sports, yawned over dry official routine and in other ways was more like a college athlete than a sovereign.

Patkul, the wily Lithuanian diplomat, thought the boy-king a fool and hid on a plan whereby other countries might take advantage of Charles's carelessness of state affairs. He formed a triple alliance—Russia, Poland and Denmark—against Sweden. Denmark opened operations by invading Swedish territory. Then, for the first time, the world realized what character of King this unassuming sports-loving boy was destined to be.

For Charles, with a fierce and victorious no one had dreamed he possessed, drove out the Danes and turned on the two other members of the alliance. He put away forever the pleasant outdoor home life he loved and turned to the wilder sport of hunting men. Russia, following Denmark's lead, had advanced on Narva and the country around the Gulf of Finland. Poland's army had besieged Riga.

With barely 2,000 men, marched against the three Russians encamped under the walls of Narva. The battle was one of the strangest and briefest battles in the annals of warfare. "Pushed" the enemy's camp, charging headlong into a fusée four times the size of his own. In less than fifteen minutes he had stormed it. Of the 20,000 Russians 9,000 were killed and the rest captured or scattered. Without pausing, Charles hurried his army across the Dvina, attacked the Russian army arrayed there and utterly routed it. Then he turned his attention to the Poles. By 1700 all Poland was helpless before the twenty-one-year-old Swedish youth and three years later he dictated peace terms to his three enemies.

He had these once-powerful foes wholly at his mercy, yet he treated them magnanimously. There was but one exception to this course of kindness, and that exception was Patkul, the man who had stirred up the war against Sweden. Charles demanded that Patkul be delivered into his hands. This was done, and the young King ordered him to be put to death by torture. Patkul's death is probably the only instance of personal revenge in all Charles's career, and it was probably less due to the fact that the former had formed a combination against Sweden than that he had professed to regard Charles as a fool, open enemy to more easily forgiven than a blow to one's vanity.

Having completely broken up the alliance against Sweden and saved his country, Charles might have been expected to go back with a clear conscience to his old, easy-going mode of life. But his fighting blood was up. The lust of conquest had fired his brain and his former pleasure in war appealed to him. He planned to crush Russia, and in 1707, with an army 20,000 strong, he marched on Moscow. But instead of going thither direct and striking one decisive blow, as was his custom, he listened to the advice of his ally, the Cossack chief Mazepa, that he march first through the Ukraine in the hope of inciting the Cossacks to join him. The Ukraine expedition was a failure. Cold and starvation wore down his army. In 1709 Charles attacked the rich city of Poltava and was about to capture it when Czar Peter I. of Russia born down upon him with 70,000 men.

Charles turned eagerly to meet this new foe. But in a preliminary skirmish he received a dangerous wound in the thigh. So in the battle itself (July 8, 1709), he had to issue his commands from a litter. His troops, deprived of his inspiring presence, weakened by starvation and fatigue, fell back before the superior Russian force. Charles, to avoid capture, was forced to walk for some miles on foot, suffering terribly from his wound. He took refuge in Turkish territory. The Turkish sultan, hearing of his defeat, invaded Sweden, but were driven out by peasants and militia. A large Russian army then advanced on Sweden.

He hopes baffled and his army beaten, Charles seemed to have lost all he had hitherto gained. But he wasted no time in despair. To check the Russian invasion, he promptly incited Turkey to war with Russia. The latter country's diplomats, however, persuaded the Turks that Charles had designs against Turkey, and an armed body of men was sent to arrest him.

Charles was still at Varnitz, in Turkish territory, and had a guard of less than 300 Swedes yet with this puny force he defied all Turkey. He defied his house against a whole army of the sultan. The sultan, however, did not fight. He formed a stupendous plan to win what might in the end turn out to be a world-empire. He had, in brief, was to form an alliance with Russia, attack and conquer Norway from Norway to the straits of Denmark, invade Great Britain and dethrone King George I. The scheme almost succeeded. The alliance was made with Russia, Norway was invaded and partly conquered. But, on Nov. 20, 1715, while besieging Frederickshagen, Charles's head was crushed by a cannonball. He had gone on his daily round through the trenches. His sudden following found him standing upright, supported by a peasant, drunk as a lord in hand.

Charles XII. was but thirty-six when he died, and with his death Sweden sank from the high power to which his genius and manly courage had raised her. So perished one of the greatest brilliant figures in history, dying at an age when most men are barely launched on their life work.

TWO-MINUTE TALKS WITH NEW YORKERS.

By T. O. McGill.

THE way of the west from the time the order was

Westerner is looked

beyond the

flights of the

romanticists' fancy,"

said Theodore Sar-

vas yesterday.

Sarvas is the

alert man whom

"Oscar" of the

Walder-Astoria has

entrusted with the

care of "singing

popular" the new

\$10,000 electric broil-

er that has been put

up in the grill room.

"This will be interesting," we said.

"Not necessarily," said Sarvas, "but

nevertheless, they do some mighty swift

things, those Westerners."

"For instance, the other evening a

party of twelve came in for a cocktail.

They were all from the West. They sat

down while the cocktail was mixed and

one of them called the attention of the

rest to the broiler. He announced that

to his mind it was a good thing, be-

cause you could now get a good thick

steak hot off the fire in seven minutes

as against a wait of twenty-five or

thirty minutes in the big dining-room

for the same thing.

"One of the party with a big red hat

said the man was talking 'rag-time,'

or something like that, and that he

would bet the price of the check for

the meal of the three, with a quart of

wine per man, that the broiler staff

couldn't deliver a meal of steak and

salad to the table inside of fifteen min-